Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy; what are you both pleaſed?

Thai. Yes, if you love me ſir.

Per. Even as my life, or bloud that foſters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty.

King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ſleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with child, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the Letter, ſhe rejoyces: ſhe and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none,
The mutany, he there haſtes t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſix Moones,
He obedient to their doomes
Will take the Crowne: the ſum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And every on with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her deſire,
Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the floud,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mov'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that drives,
So up and downe the poore ſhip dives:
The Lady ſhreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in travaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme:
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the reſt convay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:

E